

Jane Eleven Hopper by Yarfel

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Summary: (includes Mileven) All's well that ends well... or so we think. Eleven is officially the daughter of Jim Hopper, but he's not so fond of Eleven's, close, bond with Michael. I hope you enjoy the new life of Eleven, and the events that ensue. NOT VERY GOOD THO -Y from the future

1. Chapter 1

Hello people. This is a fanfic about Stranger Things and revolves around mostly Mike, Eleven, and Hopper, and the inevitable feuds that come with it. I really hope you enjoy! (I do not own Stranger Things :(and this is set after the snowball dance)

Chapter 1: The Wheeler kid

11:00. She should be getting out pretty soon. Hopper sat in his police car with the heater on, keeping the december weather out of the vehicle as best he could.

Not long after, El showed her face as she walked to the car, Jim saw Mike standing by the school waving goodbye. He grimaced, he wasn't excited about Mike being especially close to his adopted daughter, but he knew how much she had missed the Wheeler kid while she was in the cabin. It looked like he would have to stand it for now.

El jumped into the front seat with a shining smile on her face. Hopper's attempts to make conversation with her proved unsuccessful, as she stared at the glove compartment deep in happy thoughts. He had to admit, he loved to see her so happy after everything that had happened.

Hopper came to a stop, "okay kid, this is it". She clearly hadn't registered anything he said, and only when he slammed the door shut did she look up to see a different house.

She gave her dad a confused look as she exited the car, "the lab shut down... I thought I'd give you a better home". He looked at El to see her face, and he lit up to the surprised and joyous reaction on her face.

Almost immediately after they opened the door, Eleven let out a yawn. She had never been awake this late, well that's a lie, she had never been out of bed this late. El scanned the main room and found one bedroom, assuming it was her father's, she gave thanks and went to sit on the couch.

"Oh no you don't" Hopper grabbed El's shoulders playfully and steered her towards the room with the queen sized bed, "you think I'm gonna make you sleep on the couch?" Hopper asked.

"What about you?" Eleven asked, surprisingly growing up in a government lab and being experimented on for 12 years doesn't make you very spoiled.

"Ahh don't worry 'bout me kid, I sleep on the couch more anyways" Hopper responded with an elated smile, El smiled back and took all of her clothes that were neatly folded on the table and walked to her room.

That night, both father and daughter had a hard time falling asleep, Eleven couldn't stop thinking about Mike. The thought of him made her insides feel like they were floating, she loved the feeling. She wasn't sure how she felt about Mike, he was different than Dustin and Lucas and, that new girl. Eleven's funny feeling went away and was replaced with an extraordinary disdain for whoever the orange haired girl was.

Hopper tossed and turned on the couch as well, it wasn't uncomfortable, but he couldn't get the image of Mike out of his head either. Was he really about to take his new daughter away from him already? There wasn't any way that the two were in love, they too young to even know that feeling, and it isn't like they've kissed or anything like that...

Thank you guys so much for taking the time to read my weird little fic. Please comment if you have criticism or praise to give, both are great! also this chapter is short as to not be intimidating for people, the next chapter will be longer :)

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2: Poor girl

Mike stood in the doorway of the white room. "Eleven..." He whispered.

Eleven wore the familiar hospital gown, when Brenner approached from behind. "Good girl, you've drawn him in, now do what papa has told you"

Eleven's hair fell out, leaving the buzz cut she had a year ago, "papa... no, no papa!" Eleven screamed, "failure" Brenner stated, as he pulled a handgun out of his suit and shot Mike through the head. "NOO!" Eleven cried, holding back tears.

Brenner grabbed a hold of her as another scientist took Mike's unmoving corpse and yanked it away. She fought him, but it did nothing, she was being dragged toward the door. Brenner threw her into the confinement room, but it wasn't technically solitary. Hopper and Mike's lifeless bodies sat, but her father's body in particular was being eaten by the Demogorgon itself.

It turned around and looked at her, opening its face like a flower petal, and revealing the multiple rows of serrated teeth, roaring in the process. The door slammed shut behind her, "*help! help! please!*" Eleven screamed as she pounded on the door, the monster approached, getting closer, and closer, until.

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Hopper awoke to the crash of a plate smashing into tiny little pieces on the hard kitchen floor. He tried to get out of the couch but it suddenly jerked forward a few inches and he fell on the ground, once again he tried to get up but was hit in the head by the table.

"Shit!" Hopper exclaimed in pain. When he finally got up, he took in the sight of the books flying out of the shelf, the plates seemingly jumping out of the drawer. The television was tipping, close to falling. Hopper dashed to the tv to put it back in place, the doors to

the bathroom were opening and closing over and over again.

Jim pushed through the mayhem of the house and burst open the door to Eleven's room, where she lay in her bed, spasming out of control. Blood coming through her ears and nose, even a trickle came out of her mouth. Hopper shook his daughter's body in hopes of waking her up.

"Eleven! C'mon kid, wake up!"

Eleven's eyes opened and she gasped for air as if coming out of the water after almost drowning.

There was silence for a minute, as Hopper breathed an enormous sigh of relief and Eleven pieced together what had happened.

A tear trickled down her eye...

Soft crying...

Sobbing...

She weakly spoke through the tears, "*daddy*". It was the first time she had called him that. The chief himself fought back tears.

"It's okay..."

"You're okay"

They hugged for a few minutes while Eleven's sobs died down to soft whining as she fell asleep in Hoppers arms, he planted a kiss on her head, and laid her down back on the pillow.

The next morning Hopper woke up, back on the couch, it was 6:30, and Eleven was still asleep. He put his police uniform on, left a note for Eleven, and walked out the door.

Michael Wheeler woke up at 9:00 in the morning, it was a saturday, what'd you expect? He lay back down and remembered the happiest night he had had in 353 days, or maybe longer than that, he stopped counting last month when El came through the doors of Joyce's house.

He knew he loved El, it was annoying to know that nobody would believe his claims if he told them, he was a 13 year old kid, how would he know what love is? Mike wasn't overly fond of Hopper either, and he knew the feeling was mutual, how could he hide her from everyone for an entire year? He wasn't about to hold Mike or El back.

Deep down Mike really did want to be on good terms with Hopp, but he didn't know how he, or really anyone would react if they found out that he had kissed her twice now.

Not even she knew what a kiss was or what it meant. Come to think of it, that may be a problem.

Hopper's police car stopped at the Hawkins Pediatric Hospital. He walked in and looked to his left to see the secretary, he stopped at the desk, "name" she said in a general monotone and disinterested voice. "Jim Hopper" he replied.

"I'm here to see Doctor Owens" Hopper responded

She typed some things on her large computer, "he'll be ready in about 20 minutes" she stated. Hopper nodded and sat down.

Just about 20 minutes later, Owens showed up, "Chief Hopper!" he smiled. "Come in, come in" Owens ushered Hopper into his office.

Hopper walked into a blue room similar to his office in the lab, only smaller, and more friendly. Hopper sat once again and Owens took a seat in his chair. "So what can I do for you?"

Hopper started in a whisper, "last night my daughter had a severe panic attack in her sleep, and I was wondering if you knew anything that Brenner and his scientists did to her that might of triggered this".

Owens froze, he wanted to refrain from shocking Hopper, but it would lead to the safety of Eleven in the future. Owens reluctantly spoke, "they did more than just give her telepathic and telekinetic abilities, she isn't a regular teenage girl in many ways".

"Is there a file on her?"

"Yes. But it's likely that her dreams are just the result of PTSD."

"I need the file"

"I don't have it"

Hopper's face contorted into a frustrated scowl, "where is it"

"I don't know. When Bauman shut the place down, they obviously got rid of it"

"So what? You're saying they just burned it?"

"I'm saying it's in the hands of someone else"

Hopper took a deep breath, and exhaled. "Thank you", he rose up from his chair and left, but was cut off at the door.

"Please. Don't think worse of her. You don't know what they did to that poor child" Owens warned. Hopper turned around to speak, but nothing came out. He nodded and left.

Thank you for reading my second chapter. I think the new mystery gives Hopper more to do than hate on Mike and it gives the story some more substance, please continue to comment and thanks! -Y

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3:

Chapter 3: I miss you

Eleven sauntered around the new house in her pink nightgown that she didn't bother to change out of, she wasn't able to properly see the house last night in her tired state. But she supposed it did lose a bit of its grandeur due to the broken glass, plates, and picture frames everywhere. She felt bored, she knew that her dad was prepared to let her lead a normal life, but she also knew that it really never was a good idea to go out by herself.

Above all, she wanted to see Mike, she hadn't got to talk to him since the snowball dance, where they touched mouths for a second time. She smiled at the thought, and although it was just last night, it felt like an eternity ago.

She thought about turning the television on, but she decided that she wasn't in the mood. When she made her way to the kitchen and saw the note Hopper left.

El~

There are eggos in the fridge. You can heat them up if you want, I'll be home early-Jim.

After about 20 seconds of Eleven struggling to read the note, she figured it out and dug through the fridge to find the eggos, not bothering to heat them up. She ate all three in a matter of seconds, and then noticed the telephone to her right.

Not knowing what it was, she approached the strange device, and used her powers to find Mike like she did with the supercom, but nothing happened. She then noticed a paper attached to the wall with a list of people she knew, then an assortment of numbers after the name. She saw the name Sinclair, which she knew to be Lucas' last name, a few unknown names later she saw the Henderson name, followed by the name Joyce circled a few times.

She finally reached the name Wheeler. That was Mike's last name, if only she knew what it meant. She looked quizzically at the phone.

Mike, Dustin, Lucas, Will, and Max sat in the Wheeler's basement, watching Star Wars Episode V. Max had never seen the film, but seemed enchanted by its special effects. "How do they do that?" Max had asked multiple times in bewilderment.

"Ah, the magic of technology" Dustin praised.

"Can't get much better than this" Mike added. He had been much happier since Eleven came back, and he desperately wanted her to come over as well, but Hopper had called and told him that El had suffered a panic attack. Overwhelming her was the last thing he wanted to do.

A faint echo was heard across the room, it was Mrs. Wheeler picking up the phone as always, considering Mike's dad was asleep on the couch as always. "Hello?... um, okay" was all Mike could hear.

A few seconds later Karen came walking down the stairs holding the landline, "Mike honey, it looks like your friend is here to talk to you"

Mike shot a confused glance as did the others until he realized who the person was. He jumped over the couch and grabbed the landline. "Hello?" Mike asked.

"Mike?" Eleven's voice could be heard through the phone

"Eleven! How are you? Are you okay?" it was at this point that the kids continued to unpause the movie and Mike ran upstairs where it was quieter.

"Mike, I'm bored"

"Bored, what have you been doing all day?"

"Working on the telaf-telafon"

"Telephone?"

Eleven nodded her head, forgetting that Mike had no way of seeing

her.

"I miss you" Eleven spoke again

"I miss you too, El"

There was a peaceful silence for a bit, before Mike spoke up again, "maybe you could come over if you're feeling better?" he offered. Eleven smiled, "I want that" she said quietly, Mike grinned.

"Okay! Great!" Mike cheered, until a thought crossed his mind, what about the chief? It was already about 5:45 by now, and Hopper couldn't have been in the cheeriest of moods, Mike shuddered at the thought of Hopper not knowing where El was after her episode. He contemplated.

"How about tomorrow? That way we can invite the whole gang!", Eleven pondered for a second.

"Gang?"

"It's another word for group of friends" Mike answered. "What time do you wanna come over?"

"Twelve three zero" Eleven responded quickly.

"Great, see you then, hope you feel better" Mike finished as he shut off the phone and his friends departed.

"See you tomorrow Mike" Dustin said, about to walk out the door, but Mike cut him off.

"Hey Dustin, you mind if we reschedule the sleepover? El's coming at 12:30 tomorrow so I thought everyone should come here then"

Dustin grew a wicked, toothy grin, "ooooooooohhh, you sure you two wouldn't rather be alone?"

Mike prepared himself not only mentally for the teasing, but physically as well, he hid his blush effectively enough and laughed it off as everyone else left the house.

The door opened at 8:00 PM as Hopper walked through quietly. "Eleven!" He spoke loud enough for it to echo around the house, but no one came. He checked her room, also nothing. Where had she gone? Hopper's breaths intensified as he sped around the house, until he reached the kitchen, where he found her asleep in the same nightgown with an opened box of eggos sitting on her chest. Slowly moving up and down with her breaths. Hopper made a heavy sigh and wrapped his arms around her neck and legs, and carried her to her room.

Hopper whispered, "I don't want you eating eggos all day, I still see the vegetables in the fridge"

He laid her down on the bed. "Goodnight". He said before turning off the lights.

9:30 AM

El came to the table for breakfast relatively fast, with new clothes on and everything. Hopper was intrigued, but didn't question it. He served her grilled cheese and bacon on the side, Eleven gave a confused and annoyed look, Hopper knew exactly what she was asking.

"What did you have to eat yesterday besides eggos?", Hopper asked in a rhetorical tone. Eleven huffed and continued to eat her food. Hopper noticed the odd face Eleven was wearing as she ate, and decided to press the matter.

"Are you okay?" Hopper inquired. After a bit of hesitation and contemplation, Eleven spat it out.

"Can I go to Mike's at twelve three zero?", Hopper tried his very best to hide a frown, he didn't want to hurt El when she already knew that he wasn't overly fond of that kid.

"Are you sure you want to go? With the panic attack and all?", El nodded her head quickly. Hopper attempted to protest, but he knew that he had no logical way to win this fight, not only was a friend the best thing for Eleven right now, but a sleepover would give him time to visit Bauman and get the files from him.

"Oka-"

Eleven jumped out of her seat with an adorable smile and ran to her room to get packed.

"Kids these days" Hopper remarked.

That's right, the next chapter will be one with Mike and El. Finally! Thank you all so much for the comments, I plan to have more content in each of my chapter too so stay in store! -Y

4. Chapter 4

There was a soft knock on the door of Michael Wheeler's house, as Mike opened the door to see Eleven there with a gorgeous smile, she jumped right at him and hugged him before he could speak a word. "Hi Mike" She whispered.

Eleven suddenly felt the tingly spark in her lower stomach, and felt the sudden urge to touch Mike's mouth. But knowing her dad would be coming any second, she refrained. Not soon after, Hopper walked in, greeting Karen and Ted Wheeler, then moving on to his daughter.

"You have fun alright" Hopper said as he smiled. Eleven nodded emphatically.

"Keep it PG, alright kid" Hopper joked at Mike, Mike smiled back.

Hopper left the house, and El saw him drive away through the window. "Hello Jane, would you like anything?" Karen approached Eleven.

Eleven shook her head however, and grabbed Mike's hand and ran downstairs, catching him off guard. "Eleven, the guys should be here soon" Mike said, "the gang, I know" Eleven responded quickly.

Eleven found herself very close to Mike, the tingly feeling was back, and she couldn't control herself. She launched herself at Mike's face, Mike stood surprised for a second but kissed back. It was the longest they had ever kissed and neither of them wanted to stop. But sadly, the doorbell rang, and Mike pulled away, smiling at Eleven.

Mike ran upstairs and opened the door to greet his good friends Lucas and Max. "Hey guys! Come downstairs!", Mike ushered the two down the stairs of the basement.

They walked down the steps to see Eleven, standing in the middle of the room, admiring the basement she hadn't seen for a whole year. "Eleven!" Lucas exclaimed, Eleven turned around to see Lucas and... and... her.

Lucas immediately hugged El, and she hugged back, only partially paying attention however. As Mike walked down the stairs behind Max, who was walking slowly. Max was now cautious of Eleven's odd dislike for her, she didn't know what she did wrong, but Mike wasn't a fan of her when they first met either. She hoped she would be able to turn Eleven around, she was prepared to be patient with El.

"Hey Eleven, how are you?" Max politely asked, extending a hand like she did before. As Max expected, El ignored it. Only this time, she shot Mike a betrayed look.

"Mike... can me and you only go upstairs?" Eleven asked suspiciously. Mike nodded with obviously confused look. El dashed upstairs and Mike followed suit.

Max took the opportunity to ask Lucas, "why doesn't she like me?"

"Trust me, I don't know, but whatever El is talking about with Mike, it can't be good"

"Surprisingly that wasn't very reassuring" Max rebuked in a sarcastic demeanor

When Mike and Eleven were out of range from anyone else, they're eyes met, and El's began to fill with tears. "What? El, what's wrong?" Mike asked, with his expression of confusion turning to concern.

"Are you still my friend?" El asked, Mike didn't take half a second to answer that, "of course you're my friend El, why would you think I'm not?"

"Are you my, *friend*?"

Eleven didn't know the vocabulary, but somehow Mike knew exactly what Eleven meant. "Eleven... I am your *friend*. I will always be your *friend*, and your *friend* alone". Mike looked down at the floor.

"El, I- I love you"

"Love?"

"To love someone is to feel... if you love someone than you will do

anything for them, they are the most special person to you"

Eleven knew what he meant, and blushed when the thought dawned on her, "I love you?" She finally asked.

"That's for you to decide for yourself" Mike said, split between whether he should've said it or not. She stared at him kissed him more passionately than ever before, and pulled away, leaving Mike dumbstruck. "I think that answers my question" Mike finished. They both laughed.

"One thing I should probably mention, you only kiss the person you love"

"Kiss?"

"It's the whole touching mouths thing" Mike answered. El nodded her head and smiled. The doorbell rang and Mike turned around and went to the door to greet Dustin and Will, "hey Wheeler!" they said in unison as Dustin turned around to see Eleven.

"Eleven!" Dustin shouted, Eleven smiled and hugged her friend again, "is this Eleven?" Will asked. "No, I just say 'eleven' to all of Mike's friends when I see them" Dustin answered sarcastically. "Hi... I'm Will", Will extended his hand, but she instead gave him a big hug. "I'm sorry" she whispered, referring to the recent events, Will nodded and leaned into the hug.

Lucas and Max sat in peaceful silence, holding hands as they did so. Mike walked down the steps unintentionally quiet, but they pulled their hands away too fast for him to notice. Dustin and Will came down shortly after.

"Hey guys! What's up?" Lucas said enthusiastically, Dustin and Will smiled at the two and ran for them, high fiving each other. Eleven walked down the stairs slowly, feeling extremely embarrassed for being so unnecessarily envious. She approached Max, who tried her best to hide a triumphant smile on her face, "sorry... for being rude to you".

El looked straight down, Max laughed as she extended her hand, "it's

okay, I forgive you". El smiled and shook it.

The whole day was pure fun and glee, they watched Star Wars, played D&D, and Max and El got to know each other quite well, Max even got to rant about her brother to El. She learned some... "stronger" words than mouthbreather while they talked.

9:30, Lucas got up from the table and started to walk upstairs, "I'm going to the bathroom".

"Thanks for sharing stalker" Max quipped as Lucas left, Dustin laughed and high fived. As Lucas made his way to the living room, he saw Eleven munching on eggos in the kitchen. "What are you doing?" Lucas inquired.

"Mid-night snack" She explained, "you know midnight is two and a half hours away" Lucas told her. She paused for a moment, "oh", she put the box back into the fridge. Lucas rolled his eyes in amusement and continued to walk toward the bathroom, before Eleven asked him an odd question out of the blue.

"Are you Max's *friend*?"

Lucas stopped and stared at her in confusion, "yeah, of course I'm her friend". Lucas hesitated, he knew he felt something special towards Max, he didn't want to go too far and say *love*, but they were definitely interested in each other.

But Eleven, or anyone knowing would be the last thing he wanted. He was about to get away before his friend decided to elaborate on her question. "Max turns red like Mike does".

Lucas found himself wanting to bombard Eleven with questions, and he then he figured out what Eleven meant by *friend*. "What do you mean 'like Mike does'?"

Just then Mike walked up the stairs and locked eyes with Eleven, "there you are, what were you doing?". Lucas interjected "do you two like each other?"

Mike turned a light shade of pink, hiding his embarrassment extremely well. "What? Umm, uhhhh". Lucas turned to El.

"Do you two like each other?". Mike desperately wanted to avoid the others knowing about this at the time being, he pleaded to El as best he could without saying a word. But luckily she didn't take a second thought to say what she wanted to.

"No we don't like each other" She said sternly. Mike thanked her profusely in his hea-

"We love each other" She finished.

5. Chapter 5

Chapter 5: The files

Chief Jim Hopper knocked on the graffitied door of Detective Murray Bauman. About fifteen seconds went by when Jim knocked once more. The door finally swung open to reveal Bauman's typically tired and disinterested face.

"Hopper" Bauman said with a mixture of surprise and disdain. "What do you want?"

"Okay..." Hopper said slowly. "So you know who Eleven is". Bauman's face brightened up with excitement, "now she, is the interesting one". "Oh and thanks for denying my story that was like... ninety five percent correct last month" Bauman said sarcastically.

"Yeah, yeah, I was told that there was a file on her of her days in the lab, and I need it" Hopper stated. Bauman comprehended the sentence for a second, and then laughed. "You think I have it! I can't just take stuff from the government".

Hopper sighed and raised his voice through the detective's laughter, "where can I find it?".

Bauman's laughter died down, "look man, I'm sure the file is with the head of the facility"

"I just talked to Owens, he said he doesn't have it!"

"Owens isn't the head of the facility" Bauman stated with a deranged look, "Dr. Webb is... you thought it was Owens?" Hopper could tell Bauman's laugh was about to come back, so he walked to his car abruptly.

Bauman waved his hand goodbye and slammed the door shut. Hopper got into the car and checked his watch, 5:50 PM, he should have enough time. He started his car and drove off.

After about thirty minutes, he stopped at the Chicago Police Department. He walked in to see a very much different building than

the one he would go to everyday. This one was full of policemen, answering phone calls, talking to witnesses, it didn't really change much from Hopper's days as a big city cop.

Shortly after he walked in, a woman approached him, "who you here to see?" she asked. Hopper stood up.

"I'm chief Jim Hopper of Hawkins Indiana, we're facing an issue concerning the Energy Lab there that shut down about a month ago, the head of the Facility, Dr. Webb, came here to Chicago"

The woman stood, taking in the heap of information. "One moment" she spoke before walking towards what looked like the chief. She said something to the chief and he nodded, looking at Hopper, she then walked back and spoke "Chief Boyd will see you", Hopper nodded and walked up to the desk.

"So..." the chief began to speak. "Why do you want this Dr. Webb?"

"She was the head of the facility, and moved to Chicago before we got the chance to question her"

"Why do you need us?"

"Well I can't exactly arrest someone from another city without jurisdiction, and I need you to disclose her location for me"

"Why do you nee-" the chief's question was cut off by the familiar lady, only now she had alarm in her voice. "Chief, we got a call from Covent Hotel... it's them".

The chief's face grew wide as he got up from his chair and looked at Hopper, "come with me if you wanna find Dr. Webb". Hopper got out of his seat and followed the chief and a few other cops. "What's going on?" Jim asked, "just follow us", Chief Boyd responded.

Once they all got in their cars and turned the sirens on, Hopper tailed the fast moving car on the way to the hotel. They finally made a left turn and stopped right next to the doors. The police got out, pulled the guns out of their belts, and ran through the door. Hopper stopped behind to see five people with masks run through the streets, he followed them stealthily.

"I see them... I'm following them... at the back of the McDonald's", Hopper whispered as quietly as he could through the walkie talkie. As Hopper waited in the shadows, he listened to the group.

"They've got our car!" the one with the mohawk explained, "what now!?".

The girl with the purple and black hair spoke up, "we're gonna get out of this mess". Then a girl with crazy multicolored hair suggested something, "yeah, Kali can just use her powers to get us out".

Hopper stopped, and spoke through his walkie talkie, "they're heading down towards the target", which was the opposite way they were going. Hopper, now extremely intrigued, walked as close as he could without being caught. When he looked straight at the girl's arm.

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"It sounds like the cars are driving away" the frizzly haired girl said, "it still isn't worth the risk going to the car", "we aren't far, let's walk" the 'eight' girl said.

Hopper wasn't wearing cop clothes, so he maintained a far distance away from the group as they walked off, luckily not noticing him. 12:00 AM, After a while of walking, and of Chief Boyd attempting to make contact with Jim, they finally walked into an alleyway, where a heavy door on the side of one of the buildings was unlocked.

While they locked the door behind them, Hopper began to pick the lock, and after a few tries, unlocked the door silently. He walked to the main area, hand on his holster, until he found the mohawk guy and the big dude sitting by the fire.

The one with the mohawk saw Hopper, "hey, who the hell are you?!" he said, drawing his gun. Hopper remained calm, "I'm looking for Eight" Hopper said while raising his hands. The woman with the frizzy black hair came out, "Kali?".

"Yes, Kali"

The big man spoke "you a cop?"

"I'm just a man trying to help his daughter"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I'm Jane's father", the others looked shocked

Kali walked down the stairs with a gun in her hand, "you're the one she calls papa"

"No, I'm her adopted father, that son of a bitch is dead"

"Well then you'll be surprised to hear that he isn't"

Hopper's face flooded with anger, Kali lowered her weapon with a smile. Hopper ignored her obvious lie... and continued on with his question, before Kali cut him off. "If you could hunt him down for us, that'd be great, and in return we can give what you're looking for"

"You got the files from Webb?" Hopper asked desperately, Kali grinned wickedly, and tossed the orange folder. The group then all looked at each other and nodded. "Tell Jane I said sorry, but I can't let you go call the police" Kali raised her gun and shot.

But she froze, not pulling the trigger. Hopper took the opportunity to run for the stairs, avoiding gunshots from the mohawk guy, "I'm in an alleyway near North Geneva Terrace, their here" Hopper yelled through his walkie talkie as he sprinted through the next floor, back up the stairs.

Hopper dashed to each flight of stairs while the group followed suit, until Hopper made it to the roof, and realized there was no way out. Kali and the others came bursting through the doors shortly after, where all five of them pointed guns at him.

Hopper closed his eyes, when he heard the door burst open again, where Boyd and the other cops surrounded the five, they dropped their weapons and held their hands up. Hopper breathed a sigh of relief and the thought came to his mind how traumatized El might've been had he been killed.

"Thank you" Hopper said sincerely to Boyd. He shook his head, "thank *you*". "You're the reason we found these guys".

Suddenly, a loud, engine noise echoed through the sky, it was an airplane, fire coming out of both engines. It made a sharp turn to the right to face Hopper and company on the roof. It was heading straight towards them.

"Shit!" Boyd exclaimed, as the cops flinched away from the impending plane. Until, nothing. The plane was nowhere to be seen, and the police looked around, confused. Until they realized that the five criminals were also nowhere to be seen.

"What the hell just happened?!" Hopper asked, Boyd sighed. "Every time we come close to catching those criminals we start seeing things, I think they might have some hallucinogenic drugs that they use, but who knows" Boyd explained.

"Yeah... who knows" Hopper agreed.

4:45 AM, Hopper sat on his couch, clutching the orange folder in his hand. He opened it, and saw pictures of a girl with absolutely no hair, he moved through the many mug shots to see the 4 page packet of information on Eleven. His eyes widened as he began to read, every emotion that could be felt was felt, anger, sadness, disgust, fear, and shock.

One must have no soul to even stand by and watch what this girl went through. Hopper didn't know what to think. Hopper couldn't think. That poor, poor girl...

6. Chapter 6

Hello people. For those of you who might care I haven't been around since, what was it, 2017? Yeah I was a bit busy, but to be completely honest I don't like where I left this story and I feel bad for leaving it on a cliffhanger. I want to continue this story best I can with the new writing skills I've picked up in the past two years, so without further ado, enjoy! -Y

Reminiscence

Hopper sat in his living room couch, dazed with anger and shock at what he had read. His ears were ringing and it felt like he couldn't hear a thing. His peripheral vision started to spin, as his fatherly instinct really kicked in. *Those people are gone. Dead.* He tried his best to tell himself that. He couldn't help but sob his eyes out. Remembering how it happened.

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Hopper held his hand above the small lighter, and lit his cigarette. He needed this smoke, he thought to himself. It hadn't been easy since Halloween. He had tried to keep in touch with all the people who went through what he did. He always told himself that he had to, just to make sure everyone had kept their mouths shut, but in reality he just needed to see how they were holding up.

It was a surreal experience, walking in, what did the kids call it? The *Upside Down*? Anyways, he couldn't really believe what he was seeing at the time. Really, he never bothered to think about it very much. The goal was clear, he needed to save Will, he couldn't let Joyce lose her own Sara.

Looking back on it though, he kind of understood why the Hawkins Lab had gone through so much effort to cover it up, it was a nightmare.

He had gotten nightmares because of it, at least. He was glad he saved Will and would do it again if he had to, but it was still terrifying, even if he wouldn't show his fear to anybody.

Though he had to admit, what scared him even more was that that kid must be there somewhere.

After he came back from the dimension with Joyce and Will, he saw the kids in the ambulance. Lucas and Dustin had been crying... but that Wheeler kid had just been staring at the ground, thinking. He knew immediately that it had hit Mike the hardest.

The kids told him she had sacrificed herself to save them, and kill the "Demogorgon", whatever the hell that was, but Mike didn't really talk to him.

Later on though, he opened up a little. Apparently, according to the kid, Eleven was still alive, and he could *feel* it. Hopper didn't really believe it himself at the time, but after some talking with the new head of the facility, Dr. Owens, he said it was possible, though not likely, that the kid was alive.

Hopper wasn't really sure what to think, he felt pretty bad for the kid. After all, while it wasn't 100 percent, he was pretty sure that she might have been Terry's kid, and was abducted by the scientists when she was a baby. Not only that, but he told those agents where they could find her, as long as they would let them look for Will.

He told himself that he did what needed to be done... that he did the right thing, and he was probably right, but it didn't stop him from feeling like a monster.

Not only that, but Mike definitely had some sort of crush on her... A little weird if you ask him, but he was never the most popular kid so he couldn't imagine his standards being particularly high.

Even still, the way he talked about her made it seem like she was the most beautiful woman that had ever existed, which was a stretch to say the least in his opinion, but it never failed to weigh on his conscience.

He sometimes wondered whether it was really his fault that the poor girl died at the age she did.

He never thought about it for too long, because that little girl

reminded him of Sara a little bit. He wasn't sure what it was, maybe the hair? Probably the hair...

So there he was, small bag of eggos and some salami in hand, ready to put into a little box in the middle of nowhere.

He usually came back to the box the same way it was the last time he saw it, and when he didn't he usually assumed some animals had gotten a hold of it or something.

He wasn't really sure how the Upside Down worked, but he knew it was like a dark reflection of the real world, so maybe he could change it a little bit.

He figured it wouldn't hurt to take a few Eggos and other foods every once in a while and put it in a small box. If for no other reason than to clear his conscience.

He remembered Mike telling him that Eggo Waffles were Eleven's favorite, so he always made sure to get her some of those.

He really doubted she would ever receive them, but he had to find a way to thank her. To thank her for her sacrifice, but also to apologize, for the things she had to go through, and for his part, however small, in her death.

So as he sauntered to the small box in the woods, on the cold December day, he looked up at the sky and bit his cheek, trying to hold back the tears that came with his sympathies.

He really beat himself up over it, "c'mon Hopper, you're over this" he whispered to himself. He often found himself thinking about her, and then thinking about Sara. He barely even knew this science experiment of a girl, and yet he was going to waste his time every three days just to refill a pointless box for the rest of his life?

He thought about turning around more than once, but he kept going, telling himself that even if she wasn't anything like Sara, she still deserved a thank you.

He grabbed the Eggos wrapped in plastic and shifted them around in his hands, slowly hiking up the hill that led to the box. Even when he

got up the hill, he was too distracted with the cold of the day to realize that there was some... thing, taking the items from the box.

Hopper's eyes widened as he let the cigarette fall from his mouth, as he instinctively yelled out at whatever was there.

"Hey!"

The figure looked up, and attempted to run, but as it stood up it fell again, opting to slowly crawl on its knees in a fruitless attempt to escape.

As Hopper ran up and put his hand on the holster of his gun, his eyes came back into focus, as he realized it was some teenager stealing his food.

"Who the hell do you think you are!" He shouted out as he quickly walked up to the figure.

He grabbed the figure and turned it around with considerable force, easily flipping the clearly weakened teen over with ease, but what he saw caused him to step back and almost trip on the wooden box.

It was the kid... the one with the buzz cut, it was Eleven. Except her hair wasn't nearly as short, it must have grown out for the month and a half she's been gone. It was more of a boyish cut, with some slight curls at the bottom. Her face was covered in dried blood all over her nose and mouth, Hopper figured she must have been using her powers a lot, since she had to fend for herself all that time.

She looked nothing short of terrified. Her brows furrowed a little once she reached his face, probably recognizing Hopper from their short interactions. She was anything but relieved however, still scared from the sudden shock of Hopper yelling at her.

Hopper however immediately lightened his tone and his demeanor. He stuck his hand out in a weak attempt to soothe her, but it didn't really do anything to help. Eleven continued to weakly back up to a tree as Hopper tried to approach, eyes growing wider in fear.

"Hey... kid? I'm not gonna hurt you" Hopper consoled in a quiet voice.

Eleven's breathing started to slow down, but was still rising and falling at a rapid pace.

"Are you okay?" Hopper asked

Eleven's eyes began to fill with tears as she closed them and breathed in heavily through her nose.

"I'm not here to hurt you... I...I want to help you" Hopper struggled for words as he bent down to touch her arm, she peeled back quickly, looking him in the eye with a scared look.

"I-I know Mike Wheeler... I was with him last month, remember?" Hopper tried to console her by mentioning Mike, who he noticed she was particularly attached to when they were around.

"Can't... can't go... back" she slowly said, tears completely going down her face.

"Follow me" Hopper said, "I can keep you safe"

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Hopper and Eleven had finished getting rid of most of the dirt from the cabin. Hopper did most of the heavy lifting, with Eleven dusting the back corner of her room for the majority of the day.

Hopper sighed as he sat on the old couch, "this should do" he muttered under his breath. After a while his eyes became heavy as he realized just how much of the day he had spent working on the cabin for Eleven. He'd been close to sleep before he felt a light tap on his shoulder

"Are you okay?" Eleven spoke softly next to Hopper whom she saw nearly fall asleep.

"Yeah, yeah I'm alright kid" Hopper sighed and got up, taking a better look at Eleven. Her blood was still dried on her nose, with her white shoes that Mike had given her nearly falling apart, and her pink dress with a blue sweater had a goeey residue that was visible on her shoulders and arms.

All that with the addition of a glisten of sweat on her forehead from all the working out. Hopper chuckled inwardly at the thought of her getting tired over sweeping the same spot for a few hours.

"We oughta get you some kind of bath" Hopper said to Eleven, which caused her look of concern to turn to one of fear, as her breathing started to increase, even though she tried to hide it.

"Don't worry, it's just to clean you up, no sensory crap" Hopper tried to calm Eleven down but to no avail. He resigned himself to her stresses, "here, lemme show you" as he got up and walked to the bathroom.

The bathroom itself was a relatively long corridor, with a sink to the immediate right, and a shower at the very end of the room, for Eleven however, it was the walk of doom from the door to the actual shower, tensing up more and more with each step.

Hopper, after some work, got the shower turned on, the initial startup of the water making El jump a little. She gave him a pitiful look, as if she was begging for him not to make her go in.

Hopper sighed and knelt down, "c'mon kid" he grabbed her shoulders to shake her attention, "there's nothing that's gonna hurt you" he gestured over the running water and touched the jets.

"It's warm... do you wanna touch it?" He said, although his patience was running dry with all of this hesitation, but his sympathies kept him from giving up.

Eleven nodded hesitantly, and then slowly reached toward the water and then immediately brought her hand back after touching it. She did this a few more times before being able to keep her hand there for a while. It was similar to the sharp jets that they would always use at the lab to clean her up, but it didn't hurt because it wasn't going so fast... she thought it was more like the rain that was coming from the sky when Mike found her.

"Now you want to use the blue bottle to get in your hair, and then you wash it out, and then for the rest of your body you use the white bottle" Hopper pointed towards each bottle "are you gonna be okay to

step inside?"

Eleven, while apprehensive, nodded, sensing that Hopper was losing his patience.

"Okay, the towel will be right here on this chair when you're done" he gestured towards the chair and took his leave "just tell me when you're done and I'll get the clo-" Hopper was stopped as Eleven grabbed his arm.

"Stay?"

"Oh geez kid I'm not sure that's a good idea, you got claustrophobia or something?" Hopper put his hand on the back of his neck as his face got a little red. Eleven didn't understand much of what he said, but sensed his unwillingness.

"Stay... please?" she looked at Hopper with her puppy-like brown eyes and Hopper heaved a massive sigh as he conceded.

"Okay... fine" Hopper said as he threw the towel on his lap and sat on the chair. Eleven slowly removed each article of clothing, eventually taking off her worn down shoes last, but she could tell that when she took off her dress Hopper seemed to get more uncomfortable, but not nearly as bad as Mike, Dustin, and Lucas when she was about to do it with them. She looked back at Hopper who nodded at her with his eyebrows raised and then gestured towards the running shower.

It took a bit more convincing from Hopper for her to finally put her face into the shower, after which she immediately jumped and spit out the water that got on her mouth. However, after about thirty minutes, she had cleaned herself up and dried herself with her towel. She bent down to put her dirty clothes back on but Hopper stopped her.

"Oh no, we've gotta get you some clean clothes" He said, walking out of the bathroom to go into a closet in one of the other rooms. Eleven followed him, towel clutched to her body as she shivered, making a trail of water over towards the old room.

Hopper was faced with two options, either his own oversized clothes,

or Sara's old clothes she wore as a six year old. Neither one would fit her great, but at least she could cover herself with his own clothes, Hopper thought. He grabbed an old flannel shirt and plaid pajama pants for her to wear. Even with the tight drawstring, the pants would still almost fall down when she walked, and so Hopper had to make a mental note to self to get some clothes that would actually fit.

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It had been sometime later when she got the nightmares, Hopper thought as he got to the second page of her file

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Eleven found herself back in the Upside Down, but not at the school... back at the lab. Her initial thought was that there was a portal somewhere close, the one that she opened a week ago.

But as she slowly progressed through each white hall, the memories started flooding back... she found the room with the window, the one where the bad men would watch her do things with her mind, *bad* things. She then saw the room with the chair, the chair that she would be stuck to as they poked her with needles and hurt her. The chair itself seemed to be unaffected by the Upside Down's corruption... as if it was waiting for El to sit in it. She ran.

She finally found her way to her own room, her bed was crumpled up in two and her pictures were either shredded or covered in the gooey substance.

She eventually went to a corridor... she knew this corridor. Without anywhere else to go, Eleven slowly paced her way to the *bad room*. She did not know what it was called, but she remembered the bad men call it something like *soltery cofiment*? It didn't matter, this was the room that she would be taken to when she made Papa mad.

She saw the dents on the wall that she had made when she threw the bad men into them, but she thought they had replaced the walls... It didn't matter, because as she peeked her head into the bad room she saw Papa staring right back at her, smiling.

This wasn't the normal Papa... this one was sick, with black protrusions coming out of his back, and part of his neck with holes in it. He looked like he was from the Upside Down.

Papa walked up to Eleven, she tried to run but was frozen with fear. Papa knelt down to meet her eyes.

"This is your fault, child" He spoke softly with what seemed like two or three voices echoing simultaneously.

"If you didn't abandon me for Mike, maybe your Papa would still be alive"

Tears started to run down her face... "I'm sorry Papa" she managed to choke up

"Maybe... you would still be a good girl, do you not love your Papa?"

"No no no! I love you Papa don't leave me!"

"But you love Mike more... don't you?"

Eleven started to sob, she didn't know what to think. She really liked Mike... but Papa said that she could only love *him*. She didn't want to be a bad girl, but she didn't want to leave Mike.

"Papa!" Eleven jumped up from her bed with a scream, a warm sensation coming from in between her legs. Eleven looked around the old room and suddenly remembered what was real and what wasn't. She remembered that she was in Hopper's cabin, and that she was safe. She started to sob as she curled up into a ball, rocking herself back and forth.

Hopper woke up to a scream from the other room, "shit!" he thought, she must be in danger. He grabbed his gun and bashed through the halfway open door, "Eleven!" he screamed out.

Eleven would have been scared by Hopper's sudden act, but she heard footsteps coming from the living room, and she needed someone to hug.

She sat on the bed with her arms outstretched with tears in her eyes,

beckoning Hopper to embrace her.

Hopper took a second to look at what he was seeing, a sudden flash of déjà vu hitting him hard. Sara used to do this all the time. When she was fighting with cancer, she would sometimes have nightmares, always waking up Hopper who slept in the guest chair every night, even when her mom went home. She would reach her arms towards her dad, and he would embrace her and calm her down. Every time. Even when she realized that she was going to die, and Hopper couldn't lie to his daughter and say that she wouldn't.

And now, there lied Eleven, reaching her arms out just like Sara did. Hopper felt tears in his eyes as he quickly hugged her and massaged small head of hair. "It's okay, it was only a dream, I've got you now, you don't need to be afraid" Hopper said, trying to remember how he consoled his own daughter so effectively all those years ago.

Eleven just cried into his arms, making a wet spot on his blue striped shirt. It was only when Hopper turned the lamp light on that he noticed that Eleven had wet the bed, something he didn't remember Sara doing all that often.

Once she noticed it, her face turned into shame, "I'm sorry... didn't mean to" she said quietly.

"Hey don't worry about it, kid, I'll get some covers and put them on the couch, you just change outta those clothes alright?"

She nodded, and once she had finished everything she walked up to the couch and got into the covers.

"Stay?" she pleaded to Hopper, who wasn't ready to leave her himself. "Yeah, sure thing kid"

With that Hopper cracked open a can of beer and sat by the table, ready for anything to happen to Sar- Eleven.

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Hopper chuckled at how easy it was for her to fall asleep whenever the TV was on, and how she brought to her room when she wasn't supposed to. He turned to the third page, grimacing at the unsettling

images on the packet.

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Knock knock, knock, knock knock knock

Hopper relayed the secret knock on the door as it quickly swung open. Eleven was waiting by the door anxiously for what seemed like the past hour. She was still wearing oversized clothes, but her hair had become surprisingly curly after growing out, probably something she got from her aunt.

"Jesus kid, don't be so quick, you never know who's gonna know the knock" Hopper warned, but she didn't pay much attention. She quickly looked at him and then at the clock. "One zero zero! Not one one seven"

"Yeah I know El, gimme a break I've never been shopping for these kind of clothes before"

Eleven sighed, trying and failing to mask her excitement for her new clothes. She quickly opened the bag and examined each article of clothing, more than ecstatic to finally have clothes that would fit her. She rummaged around the bag some more to find what Hopper *promised* to get her, even if he didn't know how seriously Eleven took the word. Once she laid her eyes on the stuffed bear, she jumped up and down, tripping on her oversized pants.

"Easy kid" Hopper said with a laugh, "why don't you go take that to your room?"

She ran there and back within five seconds to see what else was in store for her in the bag. After a little bit of looking through each bag, one piece of clothing caught her eye. It looked like some complex piece of eyewear, maybe some fancy blindfold, but why would Hopper get her a blindfold?

She fiddled around with it, putting it over her head and seeing if it would fit, which it didn't. Hopper's face turned red as he tried desperately to hold back a laugh as she failed to figure out what she was looking at.

"That's a bra, kid"

"A bra?"

"Yeah, don't worry about it now, you won't need one for a little bit, I just thought I should grab some while I was there" Hopper took it and put it back in the bag.

"Oh and for your information, that's why it took to one one seven" He gestured again to the clock before walking to his room.

Eleven was confused with the article of clothing, and kind of frustrated when Hopper wouldn't tell her what it was, but resigned herself to it and grabbed the bags to take them to her room.

...

"Okay so I think the first one we wanna be starting out with is something like English" Hopper said as he looked through his third grade books on all the different school subjects.

"English?" Eleven questioned, giving Hopper the same look she always did when she didn't understand a word, brows furrowed and head slanted. She wore a long sleeved gray shirt with red lines on the arms, and a large pair of denim jeans, with simple black velcro shoes. She was having a hard time figuring out how to tie her own shoes, so the velcro made things a lot easier. Her hair was now completely covered in curls, albeit still short, and she wore a digital watch that Hopper had got for her birthday, which he decided to be February 11th.

"Yeah, you know what how'bout that be your word of the day?" Hopper said as the idea popped into his head, "E-N-G-L-I-S-H, english. It's the word for the way we talk".

"All the words, hello, goodbye, bad, good, eggo, sad, scary, please, they are all words in english"

Eleven nodded her head slowly, starting to understand the concept until Hopper through another wrench into things.

"But then you have words like hola. Do you know what hola means?"

Eleven shook her head

"It means hello, but in a different language"

"Language?"

"Yeah, it describes the way we talk, for example, english is a language, the one that you and I speak, but spanish is also a language, the one that hola is in"

Eleven once again nodded her head, her mouth slightly opened and her eyes staring off into space like she was thinking. "So we don't say hola?" she asked.

"That's right, we don't say hola in english", Hopper elaborated further "there are other languages all over the world, but you and I live in America, and most people speak english here"

"O-okay" Eleven said as she tried to wrap her head around all the information

"I know it's hard to learn, but it will get easy soon" Hopper assured her, and El nodded slightly more comfortably.

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El had become so smart since then, Hopper thought. It had only been a year since he found her but she was already on her way to middle school history and english, and fifth grade math and science. She always took a big interest in history, which is probably why it was her best subject. Hopper sighed as he turned to the fourth and final page

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"Okay kid, I'll be back by five zero zero!" Hopper yelled to Eleven who was on the couch. She looked back at him with a worried face, "promise?"

"I can't promise that, things can happen that I don't have control of" Hopper said, it took him a while but he eventually realized how important of a word promise was to Eleven, so he didn't want to risk

breaking a promise he can't 100 percent keep.

"But I promise to be back as soon as I can, okay?" He said, Eleven wasn't still wasn't enthused, but nodded.

"Don't worry you'll be fine, and remember if anyone trips on the wire or doesn't do the secret knock"

"Don't open the door, I know" El finished, she was getting used to the not stupid rules quickly enough.

"Goodbye then, be safe!" He said as he closed the door.

Eleven was never a fan of being alone, she could never be alone in the dark without someone near her, but she could tolerate it in the day well enough. She didn't like to read any of the fiction books that Hopper had gotten her, mostly because she had to struggle to understand a lot of the words, which isn't something she would do unless she had to. The only book that she kind of like was the Hobbit, but only because she liked Bilbo.

She had always liked watching TV, or at least she liked watching the soap operas that were on. After she discovered those, she never really went back to watching anything else. Her favorite scenes were where they touched mouths, because that's what she and Mike did, and it always made her feel fluttery to think about Mike.

But it also made her feel sad, after all, the last time she saw Mike was through his window on the cold November night. He looked back at her with tears in his eyes, and she wanted so desperately to see him, to touch his mouth again, and to be with him forever.

As the thoughts escaped her, she slowly slid back into reality, realizing that the soap opera she had been watching had turned to static, but she was too busy thinking about Mike to care what was on. She closed her eyes yet again, allowing the noise to envelop her.

And there she was, in the dark place again, just like she was in the bath at school and the tank at the bad place. At first she was scared, after all, she didn't really know why she was here. She looked around sporadically until she saw him.

There was Mike, talking into a walkie talkie while he was under the pillow fort he had made for her.

Her eyes lit up as she ran to Mike and knelt down next to him, trying to get his attention. It didn't work, but she still tried to listen to what he was saying.

"Hey El, day 261, if you're here just give me a sign..." Mike said, some hope fading from his face, unaffected by the way Eleven was yelling at him. "I know you're alive El, I can feel it, but I don't know if you can ever hear these. Either way, I'm not giving up on you, even if it takes a million days" Mike said with tears in his eyes.

Eleven couldn't stand to see Mike cry, she finally tried touching him, to which he disappeared into smoke.

"Mike! Mike!" El yelled out into the empty void.

Suddenly she was jolted into reality by Hopper, who had come back right on time. "Hey, kid! Are you okay!?"

Eleven was still looking around the room whispering Mike over and over again, with tears streaming down her face and blood streaming down her nose. Hopper tried to hug her but she quickly stood up and ran to the door.

"Hey!" Hopper noticed what she was doing and grabbed her arm to stop her, Eleven was too drained to use her powers, but she had to see Mike.

"Mike! I have to see him! He's sad!" Eleven yelled as she wriggled her arm out of Hopper's grip and opened the door.

"Better him sad than you dead!" Hopper retorted, Eleven ignored him and walked out the door. He grabbed her once again, harder this time, and spoke to her.

"El please, it's not safe, I *promise* we will see Mike as soon as it's safe. Trust me, if you go to him then you put his life at risk" Hopper pleaded to El, who had finally burst into sobs.

"I-wan-na see Mike..." she said slowly, trying to talk through her

rapid breathing.

"It's okay, I understand... but you can't leave here, I can't let you leave, I can't lose you again Sa-" He stopped himself, he hugged Eleven harder than he had ever before, tears falling down his face as well.

After a few minutes of hugging, Eleven had cried herself to sleep, given how weak she was from using her powers for a few hours it didn't surprise Hopper. He picked her up by the legs, walked back into the cabin and closed the door.

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Hopper quietly cried to himself as he finished the file on Eleven, after reminiscing on their past he realized how much he loved this girl like he loved Sara. Now was his chance to be a father again, and he couldn't let her get hurt. Just because those scientists were gone doesn't mean she's in the clear. He'll need to see her first thing in the morning, the Wheeler kid won't like it but he'll live, Hopper thought.

He'll give her this night though, as long as there's no funny business.

They're not doing any smooching on his watch.

Thank you guys so much for reading all the way through if you have, I'd like to continue working on this and the character development that comes with it. Please review and help let me know if you liked this, as it had little to do with Mike and it was kind of long, but as always, thank you and goodnight -Y

7. Chapter 7

Chapter 7: *Peeing*

"We love each other" She finished.

Lucas stood there, mouth gaped open as he tried to comprehend what El was saying, giving himself at least 5 seconds.

For Mike though, it felt like an eternity. He was no longer able to mask his blush at all, going full red like a tomato. Mike moved his mouth to say a word, but nothing could come out, as he couldn't think of anything to say to after something like that. It wasn't a lie, that's for sure, but El never really grasped the whole secrecy of feelings thing.

The way she said it felt odd to Mike though, he knew deep down in his heart that he really loved Eleven, but to hear it said out loud felt like things were happening too soon.

For Eleven however, this seemed like the next step for them. She didn't understand words and especially their undertones nearly as well as Mike did, but she knew she liked Mike more than her other friends, and according to Mike that's what love was, or at least he said that she should decide if that's what love was? The word confused her a little, and the way Mike was acting after she said they loved each other made her think that maybe it was the wrong word...

"What did you just say?" Lucas was able to sputter out. Eleven looked at Mike again, his face was blushing like she does sometimes when she thinks of him, but this time she could tell by the look he gave her that he was extremely uncomfortable. "Never-mind?" she looked at both Lucas and Mike. Maybe she said the wrong thing, but she was pretty sure Mike had said that he *loved* her.

Maybe he didn't love her, maybe that's a good thing? After all, she'd seen soap operas before, and everytime people said they loved each other, they had always argued for a little bit and then kissed right after, and then they had walked to the bedroom, probably to argue more... El thought

She always liked the kissing part, but she never wanted to argue with Mike, and if that's what love meant, then maybe it's a good thing.

She still wasn't sure of herself, all she knew was that Mike seemed very embarrassed, and she felt bad.

What? So she doesn't love me? Mike thought. She looked like she had a puzzled look on her face, her eyes were wide open as she quickly looked back at him and Lucas, hoping to have said the right thing.

"What... what the hell is going on!?" Lucas finally managed to say after looking at El and Mike, both of whom were confused at each other at the moment. "Umm... I-I" Mike let loose from his mouth. He really was at a loss of words, and even though Eleven was the linguistically handicapped one of the group, she managed to put it into words.

"It's like you and Max" She stated bluntly. When she had been talking with Max, she had let her feelings for Lucas slip. Eleven was greatly relieved to hear this at the time. While she had felt bad for the way she treated her, she still didn't like the way Max liked Mike the way she did.

Or at least that's what she thought. To her, she didn't really understand why any girl wouldn't want Mike Wheeler, after all, he's so *perfect*. But she was the one who wanted Mike, because he was nice to her... he gave her clean clothes and a warm blanket fort to sleep in, and he always explained stuff to her in a way she would understand. But when Max told her she didn't like Mike, but it was Lucas she liked, El was relieved to not have any competition, even if Mike had told her he loved her.

Lucas stammered back and tried his best to look cool, "what are you talking about?" he said in a slightly lower pitched voice. Eleven elaborated, "me and Mike are... umm" Eleven stopped as she thought carefully about what to say, but she was at a loss. She looked over to her right, where Mike was looking back at her.

"Mike?" she asked, wanting him to explain it in a way Lucas would understand.

Mike's face turned from embarrassment to resolve, if I like El half as much as I think I do, then this has to be said, he said in his head. "Yes, me and El like each other" he said as he tried to keep a stern face in front of Lucas.

After a small moment of silence Lucas looked down and chuckled, "I can't say I'm surprised Wheeler, I always knew you and El had a special thing for each other" he put his hand on Mike's shoulder

Mike's frown went away as he showed a face of relieve, and Eleven's face deflated similarly, it made her happy to see Mike happy.

"But"

Mike's forming smile immediately disappeared as he braced for what was coming.

"This ammunition is too good, I can't waste this opportunity" Lucas chuckled maniacally. Mike's face turned to a smug smile, "I think you'll survive to waste this opportunity"

"Oh is that right?"

"Yeah...that is if you value your 'friendship' with Max" he made air quotes with his fingers, a gesture Eleven didn't quite understand.

"What are you talking about?" Lucas whispered in a raspy voice, both kids staring each other down with a squint while their heads were close together, like they did in the movies.

"Third grade. Your science presentation on tectonic plates"

Lucas' face went from squinting to wide eyed as his breathing increased, "you don't have the guts"

"Try me" Mike wore a triumphant smile, knowing he'd won the confrontation. Lucas sighed in defeat. "We can play this game Sinclair" Mike added, "or neither of us could say anything... your choice"

Lucas looked back at Eleven who had been watching the conflict unfold, confused as to why the boys were using their last names

instead. "Fine, you've won this one Wheeler, but you won't be so lucky next time"

Mike smiled as he watched Lucas run upstairs to use the bathroom.

Eleven walked up to him and grabbed his hand. "Mike... I don't understand, do you not love me?" El looked up at him with her puppy dog eyes, Mike always thought it was the most adorable thing he had ever seen. "I don't know, El, it's a big step... I know I really like you, but besides no one would believe us if we said we loved each other, because we're kids"

"So does that mean I don't love you?"

"I guess that's your choice, but I think you should really make sure you understand the word before you say it, because it's a big deal"

"Okay" El said as she hugged Mike, a thought popping into her head.

"Mike?"

"Yeah?"

"Can we kiss" she said innocently, they both leaned in close to one another, with El not having to stand on her tiptoes because Mike bent his head down a little. It was weird for El to think they were the same height a year ago, but now were at least a few inches apart. It didn't last longer than 3 seconds, with both parties having to come up for air, but it was filled with passion.

"I'm going down the stairs" she told Mike as she left.

Mike just stood there in awe at the wonderful situation he found himself in, there he was with the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, and she liked him just as much, and she wasn't dead anymore, or at least, no one said she was dead anymore. Mike knew that Eleven wasn't dead, every night when he talked on the super com, he could feel her presence, but on, what was it, day 261 or someday around then, he really felt her. After that day, he could feel her voice, her touch, and her presence way more than he could before, every day. He knew.

Just about the only thing that could ruin his happy feeling, was his nosy mom, and speak of the devil, she came.

Karen came walking into the living room where Mike had been standing, just lost in thought. "So who's this Jane that I saw you with today, new member of the party?" she said as she lifted her eyebrows and winked. Mike groaned as he knew what she was getting at.

"Yeah, she was uh... eating alone at school so I went and talked to her, she got to be good friends with us" he said in a thinly veiled alibi, knowing full well that he would never have the nerve to talk to a girl of his own accord, especially one as pretty as El.

"I hear she's a foster kid, the chief must've saw something in her, because him adopting a little girl was the last thing I expected" Karen said as she laughed at the fact.

"Yeah..." Mike said absentmindedly as he grabbed a glass of milk, waiting for his mother to get to her point. Karen's grin turned even wider as she planned what she was going to say.

"So when's the wedding going to be?" she said in her usual nosy mom voice, Mike spit out his milk and coughed as he looked at her.

"Mom! No it's not like that" Mike argued, taking a page from Nancy's vocabulary. Karen was never a fan of Nancy's relationship with Steve last year, mostly because he had earned a reputation for being a troublemaker, but that Jane seemed like a perfectly nice albeit shy girl, and Mike wasn't exactly a smooth talker with the ladies, so this was a first for him.

"Yeah right" she chuckled, "I hear the mom gossip from around town Mike, and a little birdy told me that my son, Michael Wheeler, danced with a girl at the snowball and that they kissed!" Karen said the last part in a high pitched squeal. Mike could only blush in response. "I don't suppose Jane is the one they're referring to?"

Mike didn't know what to say to his mom's remarks, she still hadn't really gotten to her point, so he just slowly drank his milk, trying his best to cover his face with the glass.

"I'm gonna invite her to dinner, I wanna get to know my future daughter in law" she said as she walked away to likewise get a glass of milk. Mike's blood froze at the thought of his mom asking questions about El, what if she didn't know what to say? She wasn't good with speech at all, let alone the intricacies of lying and improvising stories on the spot.

"Wait, mom, no!" Mike yelled out before she left to the kitchen, she looked back at Mike with a confused face.

"She was abused by her real parents... so Hopper's been homeschooling her and getting her up to high school level, so she isn't allowed to go out much"

Karen's face turned to a sympathetic frown "oh, that's so sad..." she thought, until she furrowed her brow.

"I thought you said you saw her at the cafeteria?"

"Did I say cafeteria? Uh, I meant... the mall!" Mike shouted as he thought of an excuse, Karen was caught off guard by the shout.

"Chief Hopper left her alone in the mall?!" Karen's eyes widened as her parental instinct kicked in.

"No no! This was uh-before the uh... before Hopper adopted her!... she escaped the foster home" Karen put her hand over her mouth at the story.

"How long has Hopper had her?" she asked in shock.

"About a year" Mike said truthfully, as he was technically right.

"You've been friends with this girl for a year?!" Karen asked.

"Well yeah I'm not gonna kiss someone after knowing them for a week" Mike closed his mouth after he realized what he had said, not only did he technically do just that, but she disappeared for 353 days, so it really *was* more like a week. Karen tried her hardest to hold back a smile and say "awwww", but she went back to her interrogation.

"So why am I just hearing about her now?"

"I don't know... It's like I said, we couldn't go with her into town for a while"

Karen finally relented with a sigh, knowing she wasn't going to get any further with him. "Still though, I want to ask him to let her stay for dinner sometime, you know, to get to know a member of your party" she said with a final wink.

"Mom, I told you, that's a bad idea"

"If she can come once, she can come again, you know" Karen said in a demeanor that told Mike it was decided. He sighed inwardly as he finished his glass of milk.

"You are in some deep shit" Lucas said as he walked down the stairs from the bathroom when Mike's mom walked away.

"How much of that did you hear?" Mike questioned

"Only the good stuff, I can't believe you guys kissed at the snowball" he said as he punched his friend in the arm.

"Calm down, it wasn't even our first kiss" Mike said nonchalantly. Lucas' eyes widened once again as he looked at Mike "what?! When?"

"At the school last year, while you guys were getting chocolate pudding" Lucas' face shifted as he recognized what Mike was talking about. "Did she even know what a kiss was?"

"No, not really. But she smiled after so I think I did a good job" Mike said honestly, he was surprised with himself at how much he was telling Lucas, but it was nice to have someone to talk to without the threat of being embarrassed by the rest of his friends.

"You are so lucky I can't tell anyone" Lucas sighed as he went down the basement steps, followed by Mike.

...

Hopper turned off his radio as he got about halfway to Mike's house.

He never turned the music down, but he just couldn't handle the sounds right about now.

He had gotten next to no sleep last night, every time he closed his eyes, he saw the image of a tear stained girl in a chair, being poked and prodded. It churned his stomach at the thought. Because of that, all lights were brighter, all smells were duller, and all sounds were louder in his mind.

His thoughts trailed off as he left the rest of his drive to muscle memory, a risky gamble considering he had driven to the Wheeler's house a grand total of three times.

Hopper thought about Eleven, the science experiment, how she was taken from a woman named Terry Ives. Apparently Brenner and his goons had discovered Terry's psychic abilities when she signed up for the MK Ultra experiments, not only were abilities like that extraordinarily rare, but they were practically useless unless they were raised to harness those abilities.

Brenner had seen the potential when Terry gave birth, and took his chance... snatching the baby and covering the whole thing up. Hopper remembered the list he saw on the document.

001 - deceased

002 - deceased

003 - deceased

004 - deceased

005 - deceased

006 - [REDACTED]

007 - deceased

008 - unknown

009 - contained

010 - contained

011 - contained

012 - contained

Test subject 011 has shown the highest capacity for telekinetic abilities since the likes of 001 and 004. During test 14-A, 011 crushed a 368.7 gram can of Coca Cola in 5.24 seconds with its mind, beating 001's previous record of 6.61 seconds. But aside from its telekinetic abilities, 011 has demonstrated a previously unknown power, seemingly unique to itself out of all test subjects. When submerged in a sensory deprivation tank of at least 500 liters [going any lower seems to trigger 011's innate claustrophobia] 011's mind is able to enter into a different plane of existence, avoiding the laws of conventional space and receiving information from any place of its choosing. Dubbed "the dark place" by 011, when under stimulus it can even broadcast the information it receives into nearby technology in order for others around it to hear whatever 011 sees.

Hopper remembered the fourth page of the packet, the one that detailed Eleven's escape from the lab.

During test 14-P, 011 contacted an entity of unknown origin, however upon being prompted to touch the entity, 011 retreated from the "dark place" and remained in a frightened state, unable to go back, until convinced by Dr. Martin Brenner a week later. When its decision was questioned, it had this to say.

Dr. Webb: Why did you decide to go back to your dark place?

011: Because Papa wanted me too

Dr. Webb: So you would do it for your Papa?

011: Yes... he is my Papa and I love him

Dr. Webb: Why do you love him?

011: Because he is does not put me in the bad place when I am good

Dr. Webb: But what if you see the monster again?

011: Papa will be with me... so it will be safe

When questioned further about her relationship with Dr. Brenner, 011 seemed to become confused, and was excused from the interview.

However, during experiment 14-Q, 011 successfully touched the entity, causing its telekinetic abilities to spike up to unprecedented levels, allowing for the entity, dubbed E-9151, to attack the laboratory and leave an as of yet unexplored organism inside the wall that 011 had broken.

During this class 8 emergency, 011 managed to escape from its sensory deprivation tank and leave the laboratory, turning 011 into a priority 4 physical hazard due to its telekinetic abilities. Unfortunately test subjects 009, 010, and 012 were consumed by E-9151, along with 13 class B scientists and 21 class F personnel. Due to E-9151's cognitive connection to 011, it has become a priority 5 physical hazard, as it shows no signs of abilities similar to that of test subjects 001-012, and is limited by its animalistic demeanor and appearance.

Those words rang through Hopper's head the whole night, as his mind began to explore the possible things Eleven actually had to go through during her days in the lab. He thought about the Dr. Webb interview, and how the kid had been brainwashed into loving that maniacal scientist. Dr. Webb... Hopper wondered how those criminals actually got a hold of those files, and how they knew about Eleven. Was Dr. Brenner really alive?, or had that just been a lie from that Eight girl. She didn't have a reason to lie... and why did she give him the file if she was planning on shooting him anyways? Hopper's eyes slowly closed as he questioned what happened yesterday. Maybe Dr. Owens would have a solid explanation for all of this.

Dr. Owens...

SWERVE

Hopper's brain jolted back into reality as he almost ran into a mailbox in a panic.

"Shit!" He exclaimed, remembering that he had a meeting with Owens that was supposed to have started 15 minutes ago. Working off of adrenaline, Hopper gripped his steering wheel hard and pushed

further into his pedal as he quickly made the sharp turns around Mike and Lucas' soccer mom neighborhood.

Once he finally reached Mike's house, he practically jumped out of his car, not bothering to shut the door behind him as he ran up the short steps and knocked loudly on the front door. After what seemed to Hopper like an eternity, Karen Wheeler lightly opened the door. "Hello! Chief Hopper, it's nice to see you" she greeted. She looked down at her watch and furrowed her brow, "I thought Jane was supposed to leave at 3:00"

"Yeah I know, but something came up and El needs to leave now" he said as the adrenaline slowly but surely left his system, with his old tired voice and demeanor coming back. Karen opened her mouth to speak but nothing came out for a short second. "L? You mean Jane" she asked as she faked a laugh at Hopper's error.

Hopper's eyes widened as he realized his mistake, "yeah, sorry, I meant Jane"

El was sitting comfortably next to Mike as she recovered from waking up an hour ago, the rest of his friends in similar situations to Mike. It was like this every time the party went for a sleepover at someone's house. They would stay up late at night doing whatever fun things they had planned, and they would spend the second day of the sleepover doing nothing at all until they had to leave.

Last night, El had been the first to fall asleep, at around 11:30. The rest of the group sniggered at how sad it was that she couldn't last till midnight, even though she said she would be able to. She had fallen asleep on Mike's shoulder, which caused all of his friends to bicker about who got the couch now, because Mike, who usually got the couch, was at the moment preoccupied with not waking El up. She had always been a light sleeper, waking up at the tiniest sounds that she could pick up on, and she never stayed up late. Hopper preferred it that El go to her room at least at 9:00, and he was happy that he never had to worry about her staying up late, as she was usually out by that time. Because of this, she naturally became an early bird, waking up at around 6:00 every morning, and this day was no exception. She had woken up to the whistle of Mike's nose with her ear right up against his chin. She had showered and got dressed

pretty quickly, and found herself at a loss for what to do before Mike woke up.

She fumbled around for about half an hour before she shot a longing glance at the still asleep Mike. She really didn't want to wake him up, but she wanted to spend time with him and talk to him. El instead opted to stare at him for a little bit, he was so adorable to her, but every time she just wanted to look at his face, he always blushed after 2 seconds. She loved the blush as well, but it always came with him looking down or hiding his face somehow, which El didn't like. Now was her golden opportunity, to see Mike without him looking down, even if she didn't get to see his eyes. "Pretty" she whispered to herself, something she didn't quite have the nerve to say to Mike while he was awake.

She wasn't very accustomed to social norms, but whenever something made her feel floaty inside, she got nervous. When Mike called her pretty even without her wig last year, she felt so wonderful and wanted more than anything to say it back, but her body had told her something else, and she subconsciously leaned into Mike, not fully knowing why. She still got scared to say that Mike was pretty, but with him and everyone else asleep, she was able to let it out.

After a little bit of staring, her insides started to feel more and more fluttery, eventually getting to a point where she accidentally exhaled out of her mouth. Her eyes instinctively looked down to his pants, where she found a considerably out of place lump, one that she hadn't noticed before when she saw Mike. Her mind was telling her that it was probably some gadget that he had in his pocket, but for some reason when she laid eyes upon it, the floaty feeling she had became more intense, almost tight. Her breathing was now completely coming out of her mouth as it accelerated. She didn't know why she was feeling this way, but her body was telling her to touch it, *now*. She absolutely loved the feeling and didn't want it to go away, so she reached her arm to touch it, heart beating faster with each moment passing by...

"Eleven?" Will asked as he wiped his eyes in a strained voice. El shot her hand back instantly, heart beating faster at the prospect of getting caught. She didn't know what she was about to do, but her gut told her it wasn't something she should share with anyone but

Mike. She was surprised she didn't hear Will shift out of his sleeping bag or yawn before he called her name. Her blood had left her ears along with the majority of the head to go down to her core where her "new feeling" had come from. She jumped up and looked at him. Will looked back but with half shut eyes. Will himself was actually the last one to fall asleep, even though he was able to get up early anyways. The boys were always impressed with his apparent lack of any need for sleep, but for Will, sleeping was always the worst part of the night. He rarely had nightmares, and when he did they were never as bad as Eleven's, but he was still amazed at her ability to fall asleep regardless. Ever since the Upside Down, Will had a hard time falling asleep, Dr. Owens had said it didn't appear to be interfering with his brain activity, something the doctor found unusual. The simple fact was, Will didn't like to fall asleep, and he loved to wake up, which is something his friends had envied ever since.

"What were you doing?" he asked. El hesitated on what to say. When she thought about what she was doing the feeling came back even harder. "I-I... I was... sitting. On the floor" she said while stuttering. She knew she couldn't lie to him because friends didn't lie, and so she told him what was true, even if it wasn't the whole truth. Will didn't really seemed satisfied with the answer, but before he could prod any further, her eyes widened and she ran to the bathroom.

The more she thought about what she was doing, the more it excited her, when Will finally asked what she was doing, it sent her over the edge. The feeling had become so intense that it seemed to push on her bladder, to where she felt like she wet herself. She was confused about what had happened to her so she ran to the bathroom. When she took off her pants and looked down it only confused her more...

This wasn't yellow at all, and it definitely didn't smell like pee, and it was... stickier? Eleven started to grow worried that something bad had happened to her, and so she quickly cleaned herself off and put her clothes back on. The feeling never went away though, and she continued to get wet, especially when she thought of Mike. She silently thanked herself that she had not been scared to close the bathroom door anymore. Her claustrophobia was still bad if she got stuck in a bad spot, but she had been better at staying in rooms by herself.

She came back out of the bathroom with a red face, but no one seemed to notice. Lucas and Mike had woken up in the ten minutes she took in the bathroom. Mike had immediately noticed his morning wood and prayed to god that El didn't see it. Luckily it had gone down before she came out of the bathroom.

"Hey El, how long have you been awake?" Mike groggily asked, stretching his arms up as high as he could. Eleven stared at him wide eyed again before running back to the bathroom. She didn't want to explain to Mike that she did *something* to her pants, because she had never even wet herself in front of him and was too embarrassed to tell him about it. But it just kept coming, every time she thought of Mike. "Bullshit!" she yelled out loud, one of the words her dad always said when he was mad.

The boys could definitely hear her scream that, and Will had told them how she just ran into the bathroom after he woke up. Mike was worried that she was in some sort of trouble and panicked.

"Well... is she okay in there?"

"Mike calm down she probably just has to pee or something, I don't know, who cares" Lucas suggested.

"Didn't you see her eyes widen, what if she's in trouble?"

"Okay, you know what, let's just get Max to talk to her" Lucas said as the lightbulb in his head lit up, he walked over to Max and nudged her awake. "Maaaaxxx" Lucas lightly whispered like a mom trying to wake their toddler up.

Max slowly lifted up her eyes as Lucas continued to speak her name. "If you say my name one more time, you're getting a punch to the face"

"Max, please, this is urgent" Mike spoke up. Him and Max didn't really start off on the best note but in the month between El coming back and the snowball, Mike had really lightened up and started to accept Max as part of the group. She knew from that instant that Mike was lovesick for that weird girl, the girl that didn't like her for some reason. But now everything was cleared up and they could all

be friends. At least that's what she hoped.

Max turned around to lie face first into her pillow and groaned. Mike sighed and turned to Lucas, "why exactly was this a good idea again?" he questioned.

"I don't know, girls go to the bathroom all the time together, I figured Max would know what to do" Lucas said with his hands raised. He normally would be significantly more defensive, but he was still waking up, as opposed to Mike who was completely awake the moment he realized El could be in trouble.

The boys heard the slightly muffled screams of a frustrated El from the bathroom again, which was enough to convince Mike to walk over to the door. But before he could knock, Max grabbed his hand as she chased after him.

"Wait... I think I know what might be going on" she said firmly. Mike apprehensively nodded as Max knocked on the door.

El heard the soft knocks of someone at the door, her heart started to pound as she worried that it could be Mike. What would she say? She couldn't lie... but she didn't know what was happening to her. Maybe talking to Mike was a good idea, he always knew what to say.

But to her shock and confusion, she heard the feminine but not really all that feminine voice of Max on the other side. "Is everything okay in there El?"

"I don't know" she spoke back, voice raised a little so Max could hear, Max likewise raised her voice.

Max had a theory as to what she was going through, her mom had talked to her about it a few months ago, but it hadn't happened to her yet.

"Are you bleeding?" Max questioned, to the boys' visible confusion. Boys, she thought as she rolled her eyes at them.

"No" El responded, confused as to why that would be her first question, did Max think she used her powers?

"Oh" Max said as her brows furrowed, now she was really confused.
"Can I come in?" she added.

"No... not finished" the kids heard her speak back.

"Are you just peeing?"

"Yes... I think so"

"Ummm, then why did you run to the bathroom all panicky? and why were you yelling?"

"Sorry... Mike made me pee"

Max's puzzled look slowly but surely turned to one of abject horror as she realized what El was talking about. And at that, she quickly walked away, paced up the stairs, and shut the door, face red and mouth shut, trying not to die laughing before she got up the stairs. The boys, especially Mike, were confused to high heaven at this point.

El had been confused at Max's sudden silence, but she took it as an opportunity to clean herself up a final time, as the tight feeling was gone and she was done *peeing*.

Knock knock knock

"It's me, Mike. Is everything okay in there?"

Mike heard a flushing noise and quiet thumps to the door, only to see El slowly creak the door open. El's face was extremely flustered, so much that even Mike had noticed, and she was breathing out of her nose quickly as if she had just caught her breath, and only her top half was visible as her bottom half was covered up.

"Yes" she said softly.

Mike's worried look didn't disappear however as he saw through her obvious fib, "El, c'mon, your face is-"

"Red as a tomato" Dustin quipped, finally haven woke up.

Mike gave him a look, almost to say, *was that really necessary*. El looked down in shame and closed the door again. Mike sighed and spoke into the door. "El friends don't lie, are you okay?"

El put her head on the door and sighed inwardly, dammit Mike... always using her logic against her. "Can I tell you alone... later?"

Mike gave the rest of his friends a look and talked back, "sure thing El, just come out when you're ready". Mike's head, which was resting on the door, flew forward by gravity as El quickly opened the door. He stumbled a little, but composed himself before he fell head first into El.

"I'm okay now" she said with a half smile. There was a short silence as the rest of the group, excluding Max, stared at her in a confused silence, until Lucas raised his hands up and said, "whatever" as he walked away, clearly not too interested in what had just happened. The rest of the boys followed suit, except for Mike, who stood by the doorway with a concerned look.

El caught on to his question before he could ask, "it's okay... *weird*". Weird was the only word she could think of to describe what she had felt, even if it did little to soothe Mike's worry. "Embarrassing..." she added. Mike, while not fully getting the message, hesitantly nodded, knowing he wasn't getting anymore information out of her.

Lol -Y

8. Announcement

Hey guys. If you haven't noticed from the description of Jane Eleven Hopper, I actually first released it way back in 2017. After watching season three, I really wanted to continue with it (mostly because I was extremely dissatisfied with S3 as a whole), but I realized that there isn't really much of a point to my story.

There's no conclusion in sight for a story like this, and if I'm being completely honest I only write these kind of stories when I'm on a Stranger Things high. I've realized that I deeply care about the story of New Grief, which is what I'm currently writing, that goes beyond just wanting to write about Eleven.

I love writing fics, and I will continue to do so, but I think it's time I officially lay this fic to rest. It's honestly kind of embarrassing to see how short my chapters were, and how basic the story was. I definitely haven't updated this in a long enough time span for anyone to really care, but yeah this is officially gonna be labeled as "complete", because I won't be returning to it unless you all really want me to.

If you by some small chance still care about this story, comment or PM and let me know! Also, I recommend reading New Grief, because I'm so much prouder of that than I am of this. But I won't delete it, because it was my first fic, and I plan to write many more in the future.

So thank you all for your support throughout the life of this fic. From its surprising popularity to its awkward reemergence two years later. I wish I would have continued it, but unfortunately, life got hard. Once again I encourage you all to check out my New Grief fanfic and any other fics I may have written by the time you read this.

Have a long day, and a pleasant night

-Y